



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## A LOVER TO HIS TAPER.

Translated from the Arabic of the Sheik Sa'fy  
Eddin Alhillay, by the Rev. J. D. Carlyle.

YON wasting taper when I see,  
I cry, "poor fool, our lot's the same,"  
I bear a raging fire like thee,  
Yet dread whate'er would quench the  
flame,

Like thine, with tears this face o'erflows,  
And bleach'd and wan these cheeks ap-  
pear ;

Like thine, these eyes no slumbers close,  
Like thine—a melting heart is there.

## ODE OF KHOSROO.

From the Persian.

NIGHT spreads her balmy wings around,

Yet not for me her opiate dew ;  
Prostrate, I kiss the hallow'd ground,  
Which leads to rapture, love, and you

Day to the wretch, diffuses light...  
Yet not for me his genial ray,  
Despair survives the wretched night,  
Black'ning with sighs and tears the day.

Nor pity moves that heart of stone,  
Nor sighs, nor tears, their victim save,  
Tears, which my earliest youth have known  
And sighs which court a peaceful grave.

Scatter my dust, ye winds of death !  
Bring peace to wretched Khosroo's  
heart...

In vain, alas!...departed breath  
Shall no kind balm to love impart.

## LITERATURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

## OBSERVATIONS ON LUCRETIUS.

Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti  
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies.

OVID.

When earth and heaven in mingled ruins  
lie,

Shall thy bold song, sublime Lucretius, die.

LUCRETIUS chose a subject which comprehended an investigation of the principal phenomena of nature, and he has illustrated it with all the pomp and decoration of numbers. The explanation of the Epicurean system to which he was attached with all the enthusiasm of a poet, naturally led to an examination and refutation of every other: and hence his work presents us not only with a minute explanation of the theory of Epicurus, but an epitome of the most distinguished systems of ancient Physics.

It is really a matter of just curiosity to contemplate the labour and zeal with which he endeavours to establish his favourite hypothesis, even in particulars, whose glaring absurdity provokes a smile. Yet he who reads Lucretius for the first time will be surprised to find him possessed of so critical a knowledge of nature, and that even the great Newtonian hypothesis of gravitation, which he combats with his usual intrepidity, was well known in the days of Epicurus. Many of our greatest modern philosophers are indebted to his physical illustrations, and the leading principle of his system, the doctrine of atoms, may

still be found in the Monads of Leibnitz, the Molecules of Bergman, and the *minima natura* of Newton himself.

Readers who have not dipped into the philosophical opinions of the ancients, may be startled at the bold impiety which pervades the "Nature of things." But let them recollect that the popular mythology of the Greeks and Romans, was all a tissue of folly and romance, which hardly any inquiring mind could adopt, and therefore it is not surprising that its rejection should lead to atheistical conclusions. The history of the *Dii Majores* furnishes a precedent and example for almost every crime; yet no one apprehends any danger from placing Ovid, and other writers who detail their history, in the hands of boys and children.

The work of Lucretius may be considered as a beautiful philosophical romance, in which some things are to be blamed, but many to be admired. He expatiates with force and elegance on the advantages of temperance, and the due government of the passions. He paints the miseries of ambition with sense and pathos, and shows that human happiness does not consist in the accumulation of wealth, the gratifications of luxury, or the acquisition of fame. The superstitions which he decries deserved his detestation, and if in conformity to the principles of his master, he adopted a belief in the eternity of matter, and denied the immortality of the soul, and the agency of a particular providence; his error